

Ant. He be thy Second.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extatic
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.
Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich guilt: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vniou of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
 Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariel*, my industrious seruāt *Ariel*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe.
 Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heare
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolari,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty. *Soft music.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thecd with Stouer, them to keepe:
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which sponge *Aprill*, at thy heft betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome-
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge sterrile, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraine grace, *Inno*
 Here on this grassie-plot, in this very place *descends.*
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 Diffusest honny drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Diana*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Mars hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheft Queene of State,
 Great *Inno* comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Honorely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Inno

Inno sings her blessings on you.
 Earths increase, foyn, and plenty,
 Barne, and Garner, neuer empty,
 Vaines, with clustering bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 In the very end of Harvest.
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision; and this most
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To thinke these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
 I haue from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here cuer,
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Inno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 Or else our spell is mar'd.

Inno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
Iris. You Nymphs call *Nayades* of winding brooks,
 With your sedg'd crownes, and cuer-harmeletic lookes,
 Leau your cripe channels, and on this Greene-Land
 Answer your fummions, *Inno* do's command:
 Come temperate Nymphes, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter certaine Nymphes.
 You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
 Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh Nymphes encounter euery one
 In Country footing.

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited): they sojourn with
 the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
 of, Prospero starts suddenly and speaks, after which to a
 strange hollow and confused noise, they heauily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
 Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come: Well done, auoid no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
 That workes him strongly.

Mr. Neuer till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,
 As if you were dismay'd: be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leau not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
 Bear with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Benot disturb'd with my infirmities,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two; Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.
Fer. *Mr.* We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariel*: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.
Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
 I thought to haue told thee of it; but I fear'd
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlets?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre on
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feetes; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
 At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares;
 Aduanc'd their eye-lids, list'd vp their noses
 As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 P'ch' filshy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
 Thy shape inuifible retaine thou still:
 The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
 For stale to catch these theuees. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
 Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
 So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
 Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

*Enter Ariel, laden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
 Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
 not heare a foot fall: we now are nere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, & you say is a harmles Fairy,
 Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
 My nose is in great indignation.

St. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
 Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour still,
 Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
 Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
 All's hush as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
 Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
 Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

St. I will fetch off my bottle,
 Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. See'st thou heere
 This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
 Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
 Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
 For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,
 I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O *Peere*: O worthy *Stephano*,
 Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
 frippery, O King *Stephano*.

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St. Put